

The most lamentable Tragedie

And say, I am reuenge sent from below,
To ioyne with him and right his baineous wrongs,
Knocke at his study where they say he keepes;
To ruminat strange plots of diere Reuenge,
Tell him Reuenge is come to ioyne with him,
And worke confusion on his enemies.

They knocke and Titus opens his studie dore.

Titus. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your tricke to make me open the dore,
That so my sad decrees may flie away,
And all my studie be to no effect?
You are deceau'd, for what I meane to doe,
See heere in bloody lines I haue set downe,
And what is written shall be executed.

Tamora. *Titus,* I am come to talke with thee,

Titus. No not a word: how can I grace my talke,
Wanting a hand to giue that accord,
Thou hast the ods of me, therefore no more.

Tamora. If thou didst know me thou wouldst talke with

Titus. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
Witnes this wretched slump, witnes these crimson lines,
Witnes these trenches made by griefe and care,
Witnes the tiring day and heauie night,
Witnes all sorrow that I know thee well
For our proud Empreffe, mighty *Tamora*:
Is not thy comming for my other hand?

Tamora. Know thou sad man, I am not *Tamora*,
She is thyemie, and I thy friend,
I am Reuenge sent from th' infernall Kingdome,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy minde,
By working wreakefull vengeance on thy foes:

Come

of Titus Andronicus

Come downe and welcome me to
Conferre with me of murder and
There's not a hollow Cae or lur
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody murther or detest
Can couch for feare but I will fin
And in their eares tell them my dr
Reuenge, which makes the foule

Titus. Art thou Reuenge, and a
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tamora. I am, therefore come

Titus. Doe me some seruice ere
Loe by thy side where Rape and
Now giue some surance that thou
Stab them or teare them on thy C
And then lie come and be thy W
And whirle along with thee abou
Provide thee two proper palfreies
To hale thy vengefull Waggon sw
And finde out murder in their gu
And when thy Car is loaden with
I will dismount, and by the Wagg
Trot like a seruile footeman all d
Euen from *Epeons* rising in the East
Vntill his very downefall in the S
And day by day ile doe this heau
So thou destroy Rapine and Mur

Tamora. These are my minist

Titus. Are them thy ministers,

Tamora. Rape and Murder, th
Cause they take vengeance of sue

Titus. Good Lord how like the
And you the Empreffe: but we w
Haue miserable mad mistaking ey